



The Suburbs



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Chapter 1 by GeneralSh

The story of survival. This isn't going to be like my usual works (GeneralSh). This will be, hopefully, a trip that brings out the nostalgia that I intend it to, and if you really read... Maybe you'll find something in yourself, too.

The pain. The blinding pain. All you can do is collapse to your knees and scream to the skies. Everything is gone. The entire neighborhood. the Entire City. Burned to ashes. you knew about the bombs, but you never thought they'd reach here, a peaceful place like this.

Amidst the pain, echos of a past song you used to like started to play in your head like a funeral band.

The Suburbs (Mr. Little Jeans)

In the Suburbs I

I learned to drive

And you told me we'd never survive

Grab your mother's keys, we're leaving

You always seemed so sure

That one day we'd be fighting in the suburban war

Your part of town against

But by the time the first bombs fell we were already bored

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We were
Already
Already
Bored

Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling
Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling, again

Kids wanna be so hard
But in my dreams we're still screamin and runnin' Through the yard
And all of the walls that they built in the seventies Finally fall
And all of the houses they built in the seventies finally Fall
Nothin at all,
It meant nothin

Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling
Sometimes i can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling, and into the night

So can you understand,
Why I want a daughter while i'm still young?
I want to hold her hand
Show her some beauty, before the damage is done
But if it's too much to ask
If it's too much to ask,
Then send me a son
Under the overpass
In the parking lot i'm still waiting

It's already passed

So move your feel from hot pavement and hot legs

Cos it's Already past

Already past

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Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling
Sometimes i can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling, again

Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling
Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling, again.

These lyrics ran through your head, over and over. Nothing was left of your life. Everything. Everything was gone.

The bombs took away everything. Your house, your significant other, your neighbors, your friends, EVERYTHING. Tears stream down your face as you hold the last remaining evidence of life before this, a photo of you and everyone you ever cared about, all together in one photo. It was as if your life depended on that photo. Nostalgia, hysteria and depression all rolled into one cloud that never went away.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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